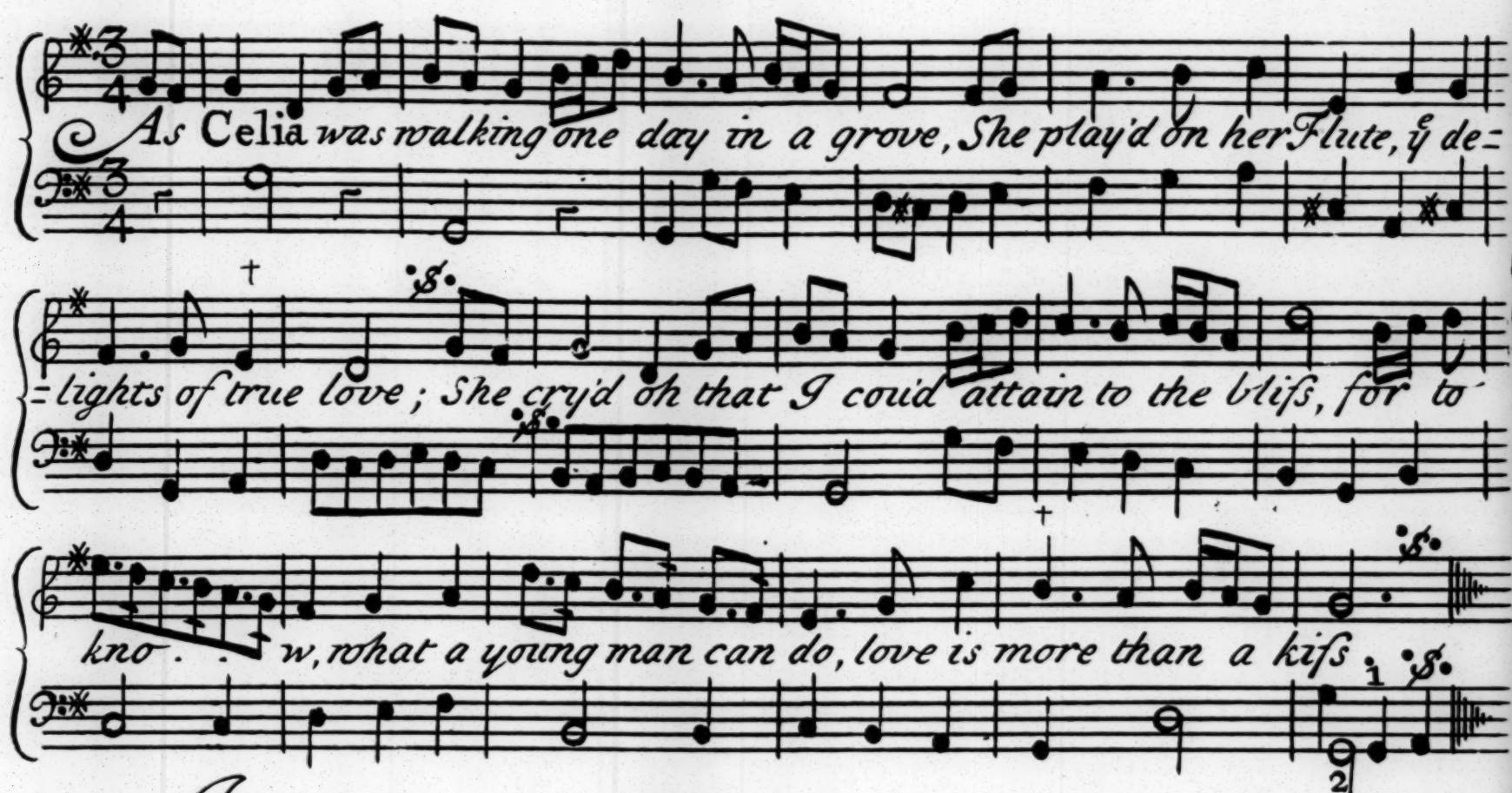


# 62 The Maidens desire.



As Celia was walking one day in a grove, She play'd on her Flute, & de-  
lights of true love; She cry'd oh that I could attain to the bliss, for to  
kno. w, what a young man can do, love is more than a kiss.

I've heard my dear Mother, say when she was young,  
Before she was married, she thought the time long;  
And love is a pleasure, I fancy by this,  
I must know, w a young man can do, love is more than a kiss.

I'd fain be a Mother, I'm charming and young,  
Why should I loose teeming? when beauty is gon,  
The young men will slight, and deny me the bliss,  
I must know, w a young man can do, love is more than a kiss.

The Shepherd was near, and he heard her complain,  
He flew to her aid. When the Nymph saw the Swain,  
The Rose and the Lilly did spread her fair face.  
I must die, then y Swain did reply, or y beauty imbrace.

No, no I'm too young S<sup>r</sup> my Mother does say,  
Let's try say'd the Shepherd, on these cocks of hay;  
He lay'd her down gently, which was not amiss,  
For to shew, w a young man can do, love is more than a kiss.

She cry'd lovely Shepherd, I pray now forbear,  
The thoughts of my Mother, does put me in fear;  
Ne'er fear quoth y Shepherd, twill hinder our bliss,  
You shall know, w a young man can do, love is more than a kiss.

Then She to his power, a victim did fall,  
He learnt her a lesson that's pleasing to all,  
And made her a Mother, there's no harm in this,  
She does know, w a young man can do, love is more than a kiss.

Flute.



Cross Sculp.